

### SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF CHIRPY CRICKET

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER II  
Quick and Easy.

Of course Chirpy Cricket didn't spend all his time merely sitting quietly in his hole, in the day time—and fiddling every night. Of course he had to eat. And each night he was in the habit of creeping out of his hole and gathering spears of grass in Farmer Green's yard, which he carried home with him.

He called that "doing his marketing." And it was lucky for him that he liked grass, there was so much of it to be had. All he had to do was to step outside his door; and there it was, all around him! It made housekeeping an easy matter and left him plenty of time, every night, to fiddle and frolic.

Somehow Chirpy could never go from one place to another in a slow, sober walk. He always moved by



He called that "doing his marketing"

leaps, as if he felt too gay to plod along like Daddy Longlegs, for instance. Chirpy himself often remarked that he hadn't time to move slowly. And almost before he had finished speaking, as likely as not he would jump into the air and alight some distance away. It was all done so quickly that he could scarcely see how it happened. But Chirpy Cricket said it was as easy as anything. And having leaped like that, often he would begin to shuffle his wings together the moment he landed on the ground, thereby making his shrill music.

Many of his neighbors declared that he believed a short life and a merry one was the best kind. And when they thought of Timothy Turtle, who was so old that nobody could even guess his age, and was so disagreeable and snappish that every one kept out of his way, the neighbors decided that possibly Chirpy Cricket's way was the better of the two. Anyhow, there was no doubt that Timothy Turtle believed in a long life and a grumpy one.

All Chirpy's relations were of the same mind as he. They acted as if they would rather make the nights ring with their music than do anything else. And Johnnie Green said one evening, when he heard Solomon Owl hooting over in the hemlock woods, that it was lucky there weren't as many Owls as there were Crickets in the valley.

If there were hundreds—or maybe thousands—of Owls, and they'd be hooting at the same time, there'd be no sleeping for anybody. At least that was Johnnie Green's opinion. And it does seem a reasonable one.

Chirpy Cricket's nearest relations all looked exactly like him. Every body said that the Crickets bore a strong family resemblance to one another. But there were others—more distant cousins—that were quite unlike Chirpy. There were the Mole Crickets, who stayed in the ground and never, never came to the surface; and there were the Tree Crickets, who lived in the trees and fiddled re-teal! re-teal! re-teal! until you might have thought they would get tired of their ditty.

But they never did. They seemed to like their music as much as Chirpy Cricket liked his ca-r-r-r-r-r!

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### Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

**Are You on Time at Home?**

"Here I have been waiting half an hour for my husband to go out with me, and now that he is ready he can hardly wait for me to get on my coat."

Ever hear a complaint of this sort? There are a lot of husbands who think it does not matter how long they keep the wife waiting, but when conditions are reversed there is plenty of show of irritability and harsh words.

The man who wants his meals ready when he comes in the door of the home, thinks nothing of standing on the corner half an hour, or in front of the home of a neighbor while his wife is trying to keep things hot for a meal he has made late.

Men are unreasonable, unjust and inconsistent with their wives often.

Too many demand too much and give too little.

A man should be as particular to get home on time as his meals as if he were keeping a business engagement which was important.

Most wives do their own work, have plenty to do, and have to make the minutes count in order to get their work done.

Too few men realize how much time it requires to keep the house up and the clothes made or mended, unless they see the actual work going on.

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### Parents' Problems

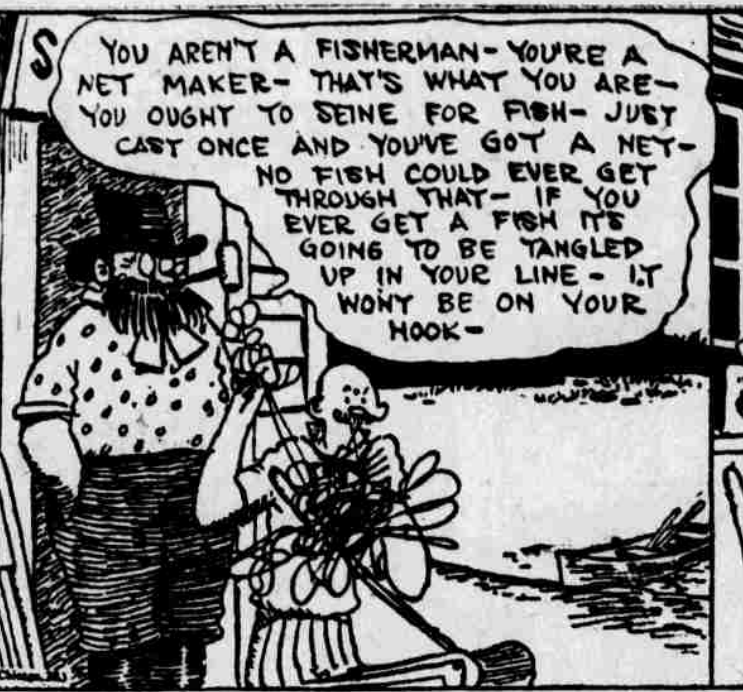
Can tact be taught to children? If so, how?

Genuine tact is merely real courtesy—that is, the habit of thinking, saying and doing that which is gentle, kind and considerate. Surely this not only may but must be taught to children. As to how, one can only say that it should be taught as other ethical lessons are taught, by precept and example.

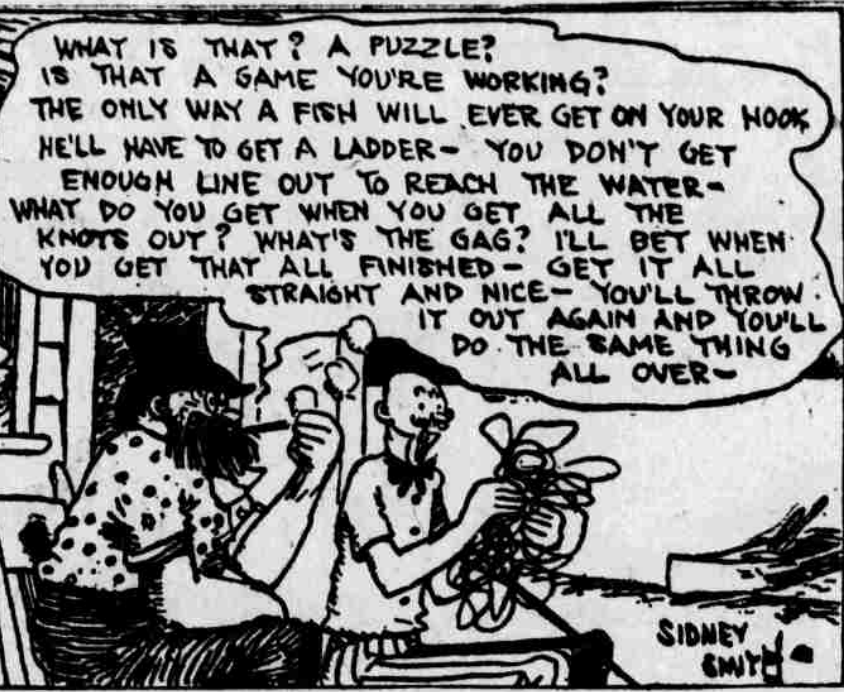
### THE GUMPS---



WELL—THE OLD BACK LASH KING—THE OLD WHOTTY PROBLEM—ALL YOU DO IS GO OUT IN THE MORNING THROW YOUR LINE AND SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY TAKING THE KNOTS OUT OF IT—



YOU AREN'T A FISHERMAN—YOU'RE A NET MAKER—THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE—YOU OUGHT TO SEINE FOR FISH—JUST CAST ONCE AND YOU'VE GOT A NET—NO FISH COULD EVER GET THROUGH THAT—IF YOU EVER GET A FISH IT'S GOING TO BE TANGLED UP IN YOUR LINE—IT WON'T BE ON YOUR HOOK—



WHAT IS THAT? A PUZZLE? IS THAT A GAME YOU'RE WORKING? THE ONLY WAY A FISH WILL EVER GET ON YOUR HOOK HELL HAVE TO GET A LADDER—YOU DON'T GET ENOUGH LINE OUT TO REACH THE WATER—WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU GET ALL THE KNOTS OUT? WHAT'S THE GAG? I'LL BET WHEN YOU GET THAT ALL FINISHED—GET IT ALL STRAIGHT AND NICE—YOU'LL THROW IT OUT AGAIN AND YOU'LL DO THE SAME THING ALL OVER—

### HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adela Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

#### The Request Marion Made of Her Anxious Mother.

As Marion's weak little voice uttered her mother's name, Lillian bent over her with the tender, special understanding smile which loving mothers reserve for their children. It seemed of itself to envelop the child in safety.

"Yes, sweetheart. Mother's right here."

"What's the matter? O-h-h—"

Her scream seemed to pierce the roof. For a terrorized instant Lillian feared that some inadvertent movement of her body had given her pain, and knew that the physician and nurse shade my apprehensions by the quick, concerted movement they made toward the child. But in another second the explanation had come.

"The horses!" Marion shuddered, and we realized she was living over the awful moment when the maddened animals had dashed over her. Lillian had dropped to her knees beside the cot at the cry, and had drawn the terrified child into her arms.

"There, there, darling," she sobbed. "Mother's here, and nothing can get you."

At her action I had seen Dr. Pettit's hand gesture toward her with involuntary though impotent protest, and realized that he feared movement for the little body with its as yet undetermined injuries. But as the child, with no indication of pain, nestled close to her mother, I—watching him narrowly, in the endeavor to ascertain his real opinion concerning Marion's condition—saw his face relax, though almost imperceptibly, and knew that the incident had brought him distinct reassurance.

Marion did not speak again for a long minute. With one hand clinging to her mother's hand, and the other caressing her face, she appeared to be revelling in the assurance of safety her mother's embrace gave her. Then her eyes roved to the rest of us.

"Auntie Madge," she said with glad recognition. "Dr. Pettit—there was a wonderment in the clear tones. "And—" her eyes rested on Miss Jones in her uniform. "Mother, where are we? This isn't one of the rooms at Ticer's."

With characteristic caution Lillian glanced at Dr. Pettit for advice as to the answer he wished given to the child.

He nodded his head in permission to reveal the truth, and Lillian smiled gayly at her small daughter.

"I'll give you three guesses," she said, and I saw that she was deftly trying to remove any uneasiness in the child's mind by her own unconcerned manner.

Marion's face lighted with answering gaiety.

"That's easy," she said, looking at Miss Jones' uniform. "It's a hospital. But—" with a startled look. "Did I break anything? Will I be able to walk?"

Dr. Pettit bent over her.

"I am sure you will, Marion," he said calmly. "But I want you to keep very still for a little while and rest, will you?"

"Oh, yes!" docilely, and her eyes went contentedly back to her mother's face.

The physician took her pulse and temperature, and made a brief, cursory examination of the little body.

"Everything's all right so far," His voice no less than his words reassured, for he had let the relief he felt show through his professional calm. "Now, I wonder if I can guess what you are thinking about."

The child's eyes twinkled, and I

recognized anew in her the same indomitable spirit which keeps her mother smiling no matter what obstacles confront her.

"I can't wait to have you guess," she said. "I'm hungry."

"That's splendid," Dr. Pettit returned heartily. "Miss Jones is a regular Aladdin. Please go and rub your lamp, Miss Jones."

The nurse hurried away, and Marion contentedly snuggled closer to her mother.

"Cuddle me tight, Mumsie," she commanded, as if she could not get enough of the enveloping mother love.

How gladly Lillian obeyed her. I knew only too well, for my arms were aching to hold my own little lad. And until Miss Jones came back with the tray none of us spoke. Marion drank the hot broth with relish. When she had finished, she crept into her mother's arms again and lay there quietly for several contented minutes.

"Mumsie," she said at last thoughtfully.

"Yes, my lamb."

"I came pretty near dying, didn't I?"

"Yes, sweetheart, but don't talk about it."

All the honest people are not dead yet. The Hotel Proprietor at Ticker's says he has often heard that the traveling public had a habit of taking silverware from the table while nobody was looking, but that he has been in the business now for going on six years, and has the same set of pewter spoons he started with.

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(Continued Tomorrow.)

### Dog Hill Paragraphs

By George Bingham  
The Calif Ribs neighborhood, bringing with him all of a saw mill that



he could carry. It is believed he will go back and gradually get the other parts later.

Atlas Peck reports that he has a good cistern for sale, or will swap it for a pond in good condition.

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### Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

By H. I. KING.  
Birds and Hair Combing.

It is a general superstition in the United States and Canada that if you throw away your hair combs the birds will carry them off to line their nests and you will have the headache. In some sections they go so far as to say that you will "go crazy" and in others the penalty assigned for carelessness with regard to hair combs is baldness.

The vital connection existing between a man and his hair, even after it has been separated from him, and various superstitions arising from this conception of the ancients, have already been noticed in this series. It is the process of cutting the hair and the fragments severed by the knife or shears which are mostly considered in ancient myth and magic; but the dead hair, or loose hairs, which comes out in the form of "combs" are only of slightly less importance. They also affect the man by sympathetic magic and what is done to them reacts upon their former possessor. Hair combs, woven into a bird's nest, are twisted into many shapes strange and unnatural compared with their original forms of arrangement, and are also subjected to more or less strain. Therefore it is natural that they should make the head from which they came ache or "drive it crazy"—sympathetic magic of the homeopathic sort. Also, on the same principle of sympathetic magic, there may be any number of reasons worked out why the unfortunate person who has had his hair combing appropriated by the birds for building purposes should grow bald.

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### WHY—

Does Lightning Strike Trees?

If, for purposes of experiment, we were to take a small motor and generate a mild electrical current, we would find that this current passes without any apparent diminution in force through rubber or substances of a finely woven though flexible nature. The latter are called "non-conductors" of electricity, just as asbestos is a non-conductor of heat and wood is a non-conductor of light. As a general rule, wood will not carry electricity and does not there-

fore attract it, but a tree projects a number of feet above the ground and the lightning (merely another form of electricity) follows the line of least resistance in reaching the earth, sometimes striking with a force sufficient to tear a huge trunk asunder. In cases of this kind the tree is the lightning rod of the earth, pointing upwards and literally pulling the lightning down, though without having the same attraction for the electricity possessed by the metal rods on houses. For this reason, it is dangerous to stand under a large tree during a thunder storm, for the electricity in the air is seeking to reach the ground and will take instant advantage of anything which will be of assistance to it in accomplishing this purpose.

Nearly all of the 10,000 diamond workers in Amsterdam are unemployed.

AMUSEMENTS.

### EMPRESS TWO SHOWS IN ONE

VAN & CANTWELL presenting "My Cousin" ACKLAND & MAE, "Versatile Pop." ANDREWS & MAY, "The Wonder Kettle." Three Marvellous Walls. Photo-play attraction, "ALL SOULS EVE," featuring MARY MILES MINTER.

### Do You Know the Bible?

(Cover up the answers, read the questions and see if you can answer them. Then look at the answers to see if you are right.)

Follow These Questions and Answers As Arranged by J. WILSON ROY.

1. Who besides Pilate believed in the innocency of Christ at his crucifixion?
2. What were the last words uttered by Jesus?
3. Who was Joseph of Arimathea, and what did he ask of Pilate?
4. What was the birthplace of Goliath?
5. What was the "handwriting on the wall"?
6. What was the interpretation of the "handwriting on the wall"?

Answers.

1. See Matthew xxvii, 3-5; Luke, xxiii, 47; John, xviii, 39.
2. See Luke xxiii, 46.
3. See Matthew, xxvii, 57-60.
4. Gath.
5. Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.
6. See Daniel, v, 25-28.

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### Man Held in Connection With Recent Car Thefts

Arthur Henderson, 316 North Eighteenth street, was arrested Saturday and is being held for investigation in connection with recent auto thefts. He had in his possession a wire used to connect ignition systems without the use of a switch key, according to police. He also is wanted by the government, police say.

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